The changling neuer knowne : now the next day
Was our Sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou knowest already,

Hora, So *Guyldenſterne* and *Roſencraus* go too't.

Ham. They are not neer my conſcience; their deſeat
Does by their owne inſinuation grow,
Tis dangerous when the baſer nature comes
Betweene the paſſe and fell incenſed points
Of mightie Oppoſites.

Hora. Why what a King is this!

Ham. Does it not think thee ſtand me now vpon?
He that hath kild my King, and whor'd my mother,
Pop't in betweene the election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with ſuch coſnage, i'ſt not perfect conſcience?

Enter a Courtier.

Cour. Your Lordſhip is right welcome backe to *Denmarke*.

Ham. I humbly thanke you ſir.
Doo'ſt know this Water-flie?

Hora. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy ſtate is the more gracious, for tis a vice to know him, He hath much land and fertill: let a beaſt be Lord of beaſts, and his Crib ſhall ſtand at the Kings meſſe, tis a chough, but as I ſay, ſpacious in the poſſeſſion of durt.

Cour. Sweet Lord, if your Lordſhip were at leiſure, I ſhould impart a thing to you from his Maieſty.

Ham. I will receiue it ſir with all diligence of ſpirit, your bonnet to his right vſe, tis for the head.

Cour. I thanke your Lordſhip, it is very hot.

Ham. No beleeue me, tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

Cour. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. But yet me thinks it is very ſoultry and hot, or my complexion.

Cour. Exceedingly my Lord, it is very ſoultry as t'were I cannot tell how: my Lord his Maieſty bad me ſignifie to you, that a has layed a great wager on your head, ſir this is the matter.

Ham. I beſeech you remember.

Cour. Nay good my Lord for my eaſe in good faith, ſir here is newly come to Court *Laertes*, beleeue mee an abſolute Gentleman,

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